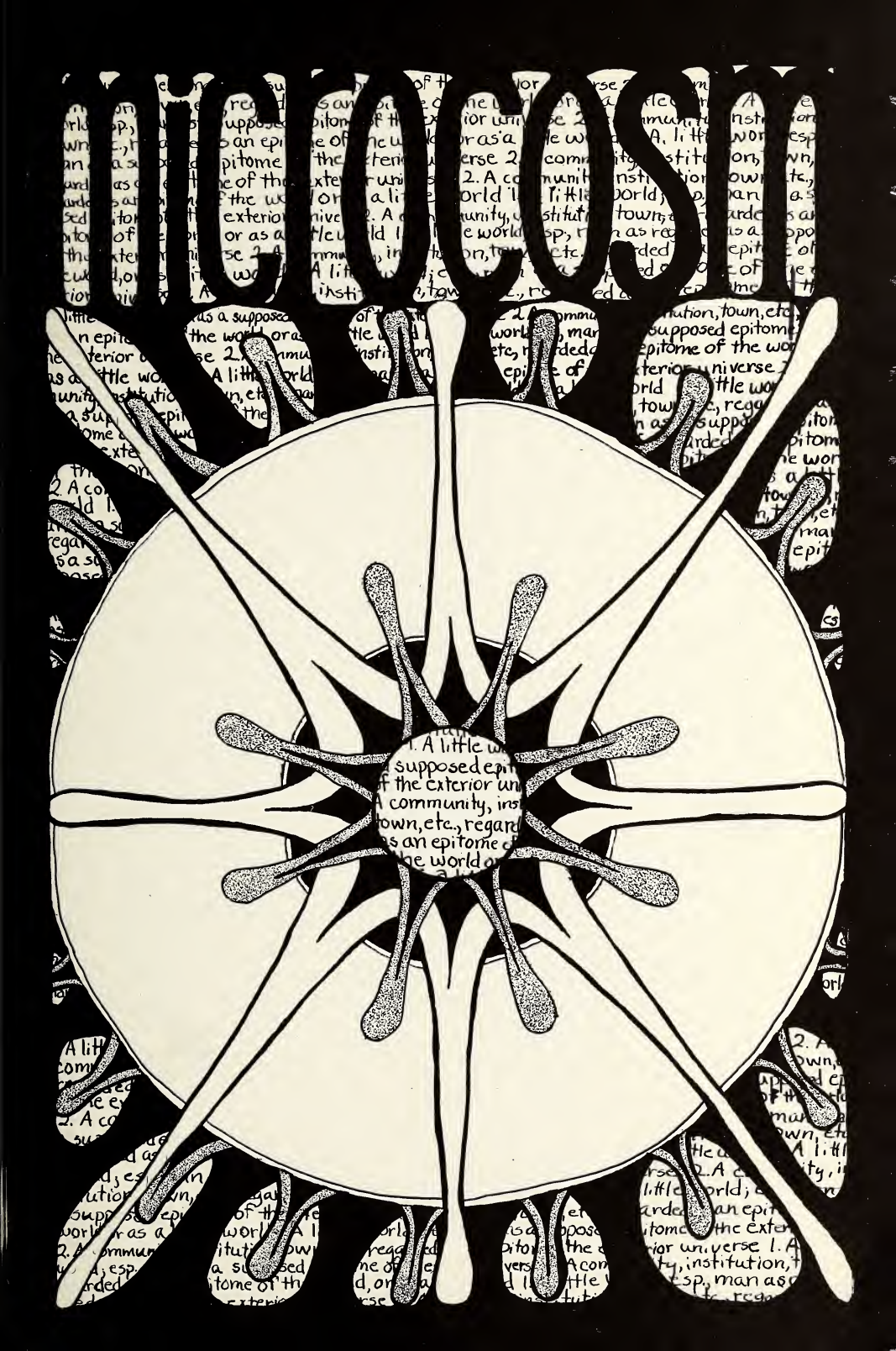
microcosm

Microcosm

Arts Festival Edition

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Grandfather

The woodpile is out back of the house, stretched out along the far side of the barn. From there you can look up the hill and see the cemetery. Not all of it, just the headstones and the old oak trees.

It's real quiet up there—you know, like a cemetery always is—and shady and still. Kind of makes you want to sit and think slow thoughts. Seems like the wind blows all the time up there, not like down here in the valley, but just sort of a gentle breeze whispering through the trees. Sometimes I wonder if it's really the wind whispering.

Grandfather is up there now. See that big oak tree? The one with the limbs hanging down. See the headstone under it? That's grandfather's. You can't read it from here, but it says "NATHAN KELLER, born August 3, 1863; died May 19, 1932." And then the 23rd Psalm of David, engraved under it. It's nice. Real nice. Grandfather would have liked it.

I can look at that headstone and suddenly I'm nine years old again. It was the day after grandfather had died, and I was confused and slightly dazed. I was wandering around outside—I could have gone in the house but they'd laid grandfather out in the front room and I didn't want to go in. The enormity of death had been brought home very strongly, but I didn't know what dead really meant. Ever notice how quiet it gets when someone has just died? You don't hear the animals at all. Maybe they know. But there was a hushed silence that day, and I could hear the swish of my feet in the grass and the humming of the honeybees in the flowers.

I can look at that headstone and suddenly it's one year later and we are up on the hill setting the stone in.

Father went all the way to St. Louis for that headstone. We didn't have much money and mother and father argued about the cost of it. That was almost a year after grandfather died, and mother and father were out on the front porch. The screen door was open and I could hear some of what they said. They must have been talking for a while, because suddenly I heard mother's voice, low—

"But John...it costs so much." They must not have wanted me to hear. They were practically whispering and I could just catch snatches of the conversation. Father said something, I think, because there was a pause and mother spoke again.

"The money, John. Remember the money. There's not much.

There never is." Her voice was bitter and it broke on the last word. I heard Father get up and walk across the porch.

"I don't care a damn about the money! He was my father and he'll get the best no matter how much it costs!" A long silence. "I'm going to St. Louis. You and Will take care of the place. I'll be back in about three days."

I grew up some the next few days. I realized that someday I was going to lie in a pine box just like grandfather, and it made me wonder about my future. What will I do with my life? When you think about it, you don't really have a whole lot of time in your life. I mean time to do the things you want, time to find out if you really want them. Did father want to be a farmer? Does he like being poor? What did he dream of doing when he was my age? I thought a lot about our being poor, and every time I did it reminded me of grandfather's bony, wrinkled hands. Why had he worked so hard, knowing there would probably never be enough money no matter how hard or long he worked? Oh, I could think of an answer, but I'm not sure it would be right. Only grandfather knew.

I never really appreciated grandfather; just took him for granted. I never thought to thank him for all the times he made rope swings for me, or whittled me a wooden whistle. It never crossed my mind that he might be tired, or just not feel like doing it. Wasn't that what grandfathers were for, to build swings for their grandsons?

It's funny how you never remember the bad side of someone you loved. Maybe that's because it's easier to remember the good side. I'm sure grandfather had a bad side, but I never saw it. He always had a smile for me, or a toy he'd made. When I was little he'd take me fishing and show me the "right" way to bait a hook. Later he'd sit (with me on his knee) and tell me stories. Once I asked him why he didn't have any hair on top of his head, and his old blue eyes twinkled and he told me.

"That's where I was scalped by an in'jun. I was huntin' one day, back in the woods by the river, when that in'jun jumped out an' took a swing at me. Oh, he was big! And mean, too. Had war paint all over him, an' two feathers stickin' up out of his hair. He hollered his war cry and swung, an' if I hadn't ducked he'd've brained me sure! Well, Will, we fought an' rassled 'till both of us rolled in the river an' liked to drowned. We were so tuckered that he jumped up an' ran one way an' I ran the other. When I got home I looked in the mirror an' when I saw all my hair gone it scared me so bad that what was left turned white."

I didn't know whether to believe him or not, so I laughed and said, "You're just joking, ain't you?"

"No! See here? That's where he bit part of my ear off!"

He was like that, always telling stories, and it seemed to me that he was the nicest old man that ever was. Then one day in town I heard some men talking about what a mean old man Nathan Keller was. They were wrong—not grandfather. They didn't know him. Not like I did.

You've heard stories of wild animals knowing when they're going to die? Well, I think grandfather knew he was dying too.

It had gotten dark, and I was sitting on the porch watching the moths cluster around the light, when grandfather came out. He sat down slow, like he was tired—and just sat there. He didn't say anything, he didn't move. He looked so small—thin and wasted—the chair seemed to swallow him up. He was staring off into the darkness, his eyes watery and unfocused. He had lost a lot of weight, and had loose skin on his arms and face and hands. His hands rested on an old knotty cane. They shook continuously, and looked like old, dried, wrinkled leather. His face had deep lines and seams, his hair was white, and he looked old. At last he whispered, "Won't be long. I can feel it. Won't be long now." Then he began to talk to himself, soft and low.

"When you're young you think you know it all." He began, then trailed off. A cricket began to chirp somewhere by the steps, and far off across the field the bullfrogs were croaking in the pond.

"Then you get a little older and you're not sure if you do have the answers. If there is an answer. See yourself gettin' older every day." he sighed. "Too late. Can't start over."

He was so quiet then I thought he'd gone to sleep. A whip-poorwill started up down in the woods, then grew silent. He looked around him suddenly, at the walls with their flaking, yellowed paint, the windows that needed new frames, the rough steps, the trees, the darkness.

"Is this it? All those years. Is this it?" He looked at me. "Is this all, Will?"

I didn't know what he meant, so I said "I don't know."

"I don't know either." And he went inside.

He died the next day.

For days afterward I'd find myself straining to hear the shuffle of his footsteps and the tap of his cane, and not hear. I'd never hear it again. The table seemed so empty, with grandfather's chair set back against the wall. I'm supposed to be a man now. I'm supposed to be able to understand and accept things like that. But I don't. Down inside I still feel the same way. Even now, when I'm chopping wood, I'll look up the hill and think of him. I wish he could come back. I wish I could tell him how much it meant for him to make me a swing. I wish I could just see him again. I hope he understands. I hope I'll understand when I'm old. I have to start chopping again because I've got this empty feeling...

Mike Lee

Aloneness

SELF FOR SALE

Go ahead and isolate your life in theirs;
No one then can see, no one can believe.
Show unto the world no sign of truth or wisdom;
Not being what you are, make but a mockery of self.
As you retreat into the shadows, draw yourself
deep within the darkness, while remembering the past.
Mine too was once shadows and darkness,
The dimness of a soul's depth, being what I was not.

INSIDE MY SHELL

I live in the presence and prism of time,
isolated by indecision --
which way to go, which way I've been.
I travel in anticipation, projected
yet protected in my pain.
I grow in a sea of internal destruction,
for I am like the snail,
slow in opening his shell.

David Brownlee

The Historian

PRODUCTION NOTES:

The stage is divided into two distinct portions; the left side being used for portions one, three, and five of the production; while the right side is used for portions two and four.

Stage left is an interior scene and is furnished to depict a primitive existence. The props might include rough hewn timber, coarsely woven cloth or animal skins, and wooden eating utensils. The reproduction need not be too exact because stage left will have the illusion of being lighted by three crude candles. (Actual illumination will be provided by a very low intensity spot light from off-stage.) The characters who inhabit this portion of the stage (Grandfather and the child) are dressed in accordance with their surroundings.

Stage right is also an interior scene. However, it is furnished to depict relatively modern times. There are two chairs and a table, upon which rests an old radio, a lamp, and the short stub of a utility candle. As in stage left, the reproduction of the setting need not be too exact for, as before, lighting will be provided by a low intensity spot light from off-stage. These characters (Bob and Mary) should be dressed in modern attire.

Portion One: (As the curtain opens, the child is seated before a basket of fruit. The three candles are lit, and the illumination of the stage is at low intensity. Enter Grandfather.)

Grandfather: Where have you been? I've searched the entire village for you.

Child: Forgive me, Grandfather. I...we found no game. Food is very scarce, but.. (holds up basket) we found fruit. Please, come sit and rest, you look tired.

Grandfather: You are your father's son. If only he were alive to guide you instead of me...but come, take your portion and eat. The night grows old, and it is time for rest. (He sits and they begin to eat.)

Child: No, not now, Grandfather. Please, tell me, what was my father really like? (The old man stops eating.)

Grandfather: He was a good man. You are his very image when he was your age... . The sickness...

Child: Many times you've mentioned the sickness that killed him, but what kind of sickness is it that no one will talk about? Grandfather, why will no one tell me what happened to my parents?

Grandfather: Your questions deserve answers, my son. I have put off that portion of your education for many years. I shall postpone it no longer.

Your father was an explorer, just as I was in my younger days. On one of his trips, your mother accompanied him to the forbidden area to the north of the grain field where they found the road I had discovered many years before. We now believe that that road leads to one of the "blue" cities destroyed by the old ones. They left the village seeking to explore the city and never returned. They are the last I know to have traveled on that road.

Child: A road, Grandfather? What is a...road?

Grandfather: The old ones called them many things: roads, streets, highways; we would call them paths, but unlike any you have ever seen, paths wider than a man is tall and made of an unknown material we cannot duplicate.

Child: How do **you** know of these ancient things, Grandfather?

Grandfather: When I was a boy, about your age, my grandmother told me of these things. She knew because she had seen them for herself. She lived in a world far different from you or me, my son. (Fade lighting intensity to absolute minimum on stage left. Illuminate stage right.)

Portion Two: (Bob is seated, listening to the radio which is playing softly.)

Bob: Mary, did you remember to buy some candles at the store today? I just can't get used to these blackouts every night. (Enter Mary.)

Mary: Yes, dear, they're in the kitchen. ...Bob, when are we going to tell Peggy about her stereo?

Bob: I've been putting it off, but we're breaking the law right now. ...Indiscriminate use of power, they call it.

Mary: Power this! Power that! Electricity on at eleven o'clock and off at seven! They've taken away our car, our television, **everything,** Bob. Sure, we still have them, but what good are they if they won't operate. Now they want to take away our child's phonograph, the only luxury we have left in this house.

Bob: I'm sorry. I've gone over the figures a dozen times and there's just no way we can swing it. Look, the government allows us relatively unrestricted use of essential cooking and heating power. It's the so-called "luxury" power consumption they want to eliminate. Last month the government allowed 0.5 kilowatt-hours per family per day for luxury use. This month, that quota was cut to 0.25 kilowatt-hours. Our radio consumes 10 watts. At five hours per day, that's 0.05. The lighting system uses 45 watts. At four hours per day, that's 0.18. Those two total 0.23 ilowatt-hours. We just can't risk any further power eonsumption. The stereo cannot be operated, and we must get rid of it to remove that temptation.

Mary: Right, I know. It's just that...well, it's the last luxury we have. I mean, I don't mind the car rusting away in the garage with no gas. I didn't even mind the television stations closing down. At least then we had the radio for music. But now it's just filled with government propaganda. (She points to radio.) That's the first music they've broadcast all day. War is so near. It scares me that they spend so much effort trying not to mention it.

Bob: Look, times are hard, the President is doing all...(the lights go out) Damn. (Bob lights the candle on the table, the area is very dimly lit.) Seven o'clock, right on time. Look, honey, we'll tell Peggy tomorrow, ok?

Mary: Sure, tomorrow. (She blows out the candle.) (Cut illumination on stage right. Intensify to former level the illumination on stage left.)

Portion Three: (The old man and the child are seated near the

candles, with the child perhaps nibbling occasionally at the fruit.)

Grandfather: The old ones were wizards. They possessed far greater knowledge than we could ever hope to know. They could communicate over long distances...

Child: ...like our drums, Grandfather?

Grandfather: It was far more wonderful than drums, for drums can only be heard when the land is quiet and even then for limited distances. No, the old ones could talk and see over distances we cannot imagine. They could store music for their enjoyment whenever they desired. They brought fire down from the heavens to light their homes and cook their food. Where we have smutty candles made from animal fat, they had globes of fire that burned with no smoke and little heat... It was a wonderful age to live in...with power that every man could possess. They moved from place to place encased in metal at speeds faster than a horse can run.

Child: Why do we not have these powers, Grandfather?

(Fade stage left illumination to minimum. Illuminate stage right.)

Portion Four: (Mary is seated at the table with a sealed document lying before her. Enter Bob. Mary rises.)

Mary: Bob, something terrible is going to happen...I just know it. All day long the radio's been saying that a President's Memorandum will be released today..**in written form.** A few hours ago a man left this sealed paper with me and instructed that it must be opened in your presence. Why, Bob, Why in written form?

Bob: I don't know. Almost all government messages come by radio. Paper wastes far too much power. I guess it must be too important for people of other countries to overhear by radio. Here, let me read it. (He reads silently, growing more concerned as he reads. He carefully puts down the paper, saying nothing.)

Mary: (softly) It's war, isn't it, Bob?

Bob: Yes. ...Government troops have been deployed in a Middle-Eastern nation for the petroleum there. Nuclear weapons haven't been committed as of now. The President says (he reads from paper), "Let me make this perfectly clear, if our nation is to remain strong, we must have energy. I feel that we, as a nation, are perfectly justified in this invasion, which began at noon today. As your president, I promise you, on my own personal integrity, that nuclear weapons will not be initiated by our forces

to secure victory." (Bob shakes his head and places the paper on the table.)

(Cut illumination on stage right. Illuminate stage left to former intensity.)

Portion Five: (The old man and the child are seated as before.)

Child: I see that they were powerful people, Grandfather, but why do we not have their powers?

Grandfather: The source of the power which they utilized to perform their magical feats did not come from themselves...It came from external sources. As the years passed, these external sources could furnish no more power. The few remaining power-producing areas were highly prized, and wars were fought for the control of those areas, wars many times more terrible than the tribal conflicts of our time.

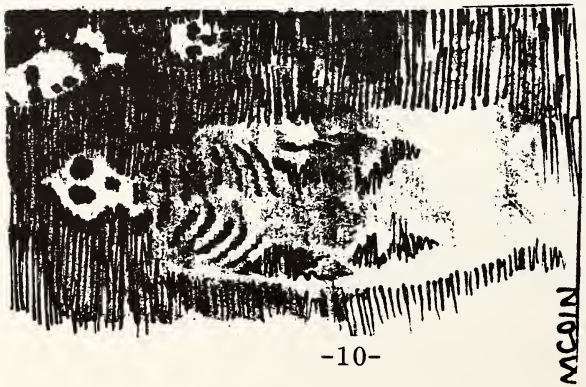
Child: But, in our wars, many times half the men of the tribe are killed...

Grandfather: Yes, it is true, but in that older time, they had weapons far more powerful than our bows and spears. They could destroy entire villages, engulfing every living thing in a lake of fire. The old ones desired power so much that they fought among themselves to attain it, and destroyed themselves in the process.

We are the remnants, my son, of a once proud and powerful people. We lack their powers, but that loss is perhaps our gain, for we also lack their evil machines of destruction. We are a simpler people. Perhaps we will learn from their mistakes.

Come, my son, you have learned much this night. It is now truly time for rest. (As the old man blows out the candles, the lighting is slowly dimmed. As the last candle is extinguished, the lighting is cut entirely. The curtain closes.)

William R. Smith



Great Red Warrior

By Charlotte Taylor

Come, listen ..... Hear the wailing wind-
It comes to the Grand River region
In honor of one who comes this season
To great Chief Jumping Bull
In his fur-covered den.
Hear it screaming; whining; sighing:
And hear the small baby crying.

Listen, quietly ..... Hear the singing breeze now,
As it softly brushes the dust
From young Sitting Bull's sweating brow.
Hear the laughing breeze
And the stout young brave
As they explore every forest;
Every tree; every cave.

Listen ..... As Sitting Bull is now doing.
Hear the voices of his gods,
Riding on the screaming winds,
"Sitting Bull, Sitting Bull,
Now the time is near.
Bring out your bows, knife, arrows, and spear.
The white man has come;
My son, your testing in youth is done.
He takes your land, your pride, your buffalo.
Now you take your warriors and weapons and go!"

Listen ..... Hear the raging wind
Riding across the blistering prairie
Screaming with the angered braves,
"Unfairness must end!
The White Man must go!"
Hear the weary wind at the Little Big Horn.
It sounds so weak; so lost; so forlorn.
And later- even weaker, the grieving wind
Sadly bends the blood-stained blades of grass,

Where here, Sitting Bull stood last.
And thus, Fate offered this proud Red Chief
To the great sky gods.
Hear the gentle breeze cry-
It softly caresses the flowers
Humbly bowed near the brave Chief's grave.

Now listen ..... You sometimes still hear the breezes cry
As they echo and whisper
Across the Red man's stolen prairie,
"Sitting Bull, my brave young son,
Go, fight ....die!"

Awareness

Today we are moving at such a rate we are forgetting to be human. Can we, even if we try, remember the beauty of yesterday? Could we name just one thing that took our eye as we rushed by it? If we can't, we are losing the real meaning of life. William Wordsworth saw life as it was. He saw the beauty of nature. He saw trees, not billboards; he saw stars, not neon lights; he saw grass, not concrete or asphalt. He also saw man as something of value, not just another bum to compete with.

In the **Lucy Poems**, Wordsworth shows this appreciation for life. Written in early 1799, the origin of these poems is a mystery. Maybe he composed them for a special person, as a memorial to a dear love. Maybe Lucy is fictitious, existing only in the poet's imagination. Or perhaps she represents his feelings toward life.

The first of the **Lucy Poems**, "Strange Fits of Passion Have I Known," tells of unexplainable feelings the poet has about his love. We have all had times when we have had a disagreement with someone close to us. After we calm down, we struggle with our guilty conscience about who was right or wrong. Suddenly we realize just how much that person means to us, and we are horrified by thoughts of some disaster happening before we see them again. Or maybe sometimes we fear for our loved ones, for no real reason. We are merely afraid we will be separated from them. Wordsworth expresses these thoughts in the lines;

What fond and wayward thought will slide
Into a Lover's head!
"O Mercy!" to myself I cried,
"If Lucy should be dead!"

The second poem, "She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways," speaks of the insignificance of a life to the world. This poem reminds us of people not in the main-stream of society; they are passive; they exist apart from all the clamor of the crowd. But they are no less human, no less important than our celebrated heroes, be they outstanding athletes, politicians, actors or any other person for whom society acclaims, "job-well-done." If we look at the theme of this poem, we will become aware of countless other people (standing along side our heroes) who although are not in the limelight of society, must not be forgotten by us.

She lived Unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

"I Traveled Among Unknown Men" is the third poem. In it, the poet speaks of his anxiousness to get home, where his love once lived. Just to get back to the place where they once walked together would content him. He realizes his love for his country as well as for Lucy.

We have all experienced homesickness. Perhaps during our first stay at summer camp or, more recently, our first few weeks at college. It seemed the weeks would never end till we were back home again, with the people we love and the places that have become a part of us. These are the feelings Wordsworth shows in the lines.....

Thy morning showed, thy nights concealed,
The Bowers where Lucy played;
And thine, to, is the last green field
That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

The fourth poem, "These Years She Grew," tells of a young woman who matures before she is recognized by nature as a beauty. Just after she is discovered, the poet falls in love with her and she dies. Lucy's death may be symbolic of the things we let slip away in our lives. Experiences, opportunities, even friendships are gone before we can recognize them. We are saddened by the loss of these values and we often lament them as the poet laments the shortness of Lucy's beauty.

...The work was done.
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died, and left to me
This health, this calm and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

The final poem in the series, "A Slumber Did My Spirit Seal," speaks of love the poet idealized. She is so rare, "She seemed a thing that could not touch of earthly years."

Too often in life we, like the poet, idealize people. However we should realize that they, like us, are human; we soon see that they are really no different from anyone else.

This poem shares the idea with Gray's **Elegy In a Country Churchyard** that all people, no matter how great or small, come to a similar end. Contrasting the themes of these two poems, we find that in Gray's elegy, the end is the grave.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

In Wordworth's poem the end is death, but man attains immortality by becoming a part of nature.

No motion has she now, no force;
She neither hears nor sees;
Rolled round in earth's diurninal course,
With rocks, and stones, and trees.

These poems express the delicacy of life; it is not something that will last forever. This is the reason we should appreciate it. As Christians we would not want to ascribe to Wordsworth's pantheistic beliefs that man become a part of nature when he dies, but perhaps if we could form Wordsworth's attitude about the beauty of life, we could see all of life as he sees a lady named Lucy.

Randy Smith

Liza

A funeral parlor is a cold, damp, ill-lighted place, smelling of sickly sweet roses and bruised carnations. There is deep uneasiness in the air, blending with the tension caused by my arrival. Surely, they knew I would come.

The dire music, meant to bring quiet and a sense of peace and closeness to God, sounds to me like an eerie reminder of lost dreams and of life too soon over.

How did I come to be here, you ask; in this place I both loath and fear. Why do I weep and shudder when I view the bloated body of someone I hardly knew? Why do members of Liza's family turn their backs and refuse to speak to me?

I, like Liza, am only sixteen, but, unlike Liza, I have the chance to see more years. This alone does not cause her family to shun me as they would a murderer. Or does it? Am I a murderer? Am I to blame for Liza's death?

For you to understand my tumultuous feelings and to understand the aversion of Liza's family, we have to go back in time two months.

Two months? It seems a lifetime has passed in these few weeks. Liza dead...myself grown from a child too soon.

The reason I speak of my feelings and thoughts is in hope that I can rid myself of the fear that I am in part responsible for the death

of this girl. I am too young to live my life with the death of another in my heart and mind.

It began as three of us, John, Peter and I were sitting around the pool edge talking of school, dates, teachers; all the things that sixteen year olds talk about. Peter and I had a thing going...we had been friends for years and had recently discovered each other. John, my only brother, had always been Peter's best friend.

The new girl, Liza, came over and introduced herself. I will always believe it was love at first sight for John. I often wonder if the coming of Liza started us on our way to that cold, dark meeting with destiny.

Our lives changed from that day. Liza was a beauty, a natural beauty. She bubbled with fun, never malice. Everyone was her friend, and she never forgot a name. Even now, I have only to close my eyes to remember how she looked.

Liza's personality was great, and she was so full of life that many people never looked at her hair, face and figure. She was beautiful...life bubbled from her in unending streams. Perhaps, God gives so much life to those He plans to take early.

During November and December, the four of us were inseparable. We were like magnets drawing each other. Our school work was even done as a group with Liza always the leader. Whenever our interest would wane, Liza was always first with a new idea.

I never thought myself jealous of Liza. But it must have been jealousy that made me strive to just once come up with a plan of my own.

My guilt must date from that time. My idea of a duck hunt was readily accepted by all with much enthusiasm. Who but sixteen year olds would be excited over a predawn jaunt in 21 degree weather in a small open boat.

We planned for a whole week, and, on that cold, damp, foggy morning, we went laughing to meet destiny.

By 4:15, we had our boat loaded with guns, decoys, food, lifejackets and four sleepy kids. You always read of premonitions or forewarning, but, in our case, there were no thoughts of anything but an exciting morning.

As we started down the river, I could not even see the front of our small boat. The fog was thick and soupy with no hint of daylight in the sky.

John and Liza were on the front seat, using two of our lifejackets as cushions. In the middle of the boat were the sack of

decoys, lunch and our guns. Peter and I, also using lifejackets as cushions, were in the rear.

There was no hint of trouble. The motor started with ease, but, as a precaution, we stayed near the bank. Our duck blind drew near, and we started out into the choppy bay, eager to get set up before dawn.

The things one remembers are really odd. I recall talking of Liza being a champion swimmer and diver. John broke in to ask Peter the time. He clearly replied, "4:33 and all is well". The next thing I knew, we were clinging to the overturned boat in the cold of the bay.

I have heard that people near death think of their past life. In the hour we clung to the overturned boat, I saw all that could have been for me. As the cold water and wind numbed my body and loosened my fingers, I thought of college, marriage, the children I would never have, the love I would never share...the experiences lost for me forever.

The next sound to penetrate my mind was the voice of John calling Liza. As long as I live, I will have nightmares of his voice.

"Liza, Liza, where are you? Liza, answer me. For God's sake, come back, Liza."

The tears and heartbreak in his voice tore my soul apart. Only then did I realize that Peter and I were the only ones clinging to the boat.

Dawn was slowly cutting through the heavy fog, and I could see the outline of John's head as he swam in circles calling Liza.

Was it concern for John's safety or my own that made me call out to him?

"John, you are almost to the bank. Go for help. Surely Liza has already gotten out. Hurry, John, hurry!"

Did I seal Liza's death with those words or was she already on the bottom of the cold bay? I swear, at that time, I thought she had made the bank. Who at sixteen really believes in death?

John swam out, and I heard the sobs in his voice as he ran down the bank for help.

How much longer we clung to the boat I don't know. Time stood still for us, but help did come. We were saved.

That afternoon the three of us sat on the river bank as they dragged for Liza. This is my next recollection...what passed during the day is gone from my mind, maybe for the best.

In my dreams these past few nights, John's cries of "Liza" are

mingled with the splash of the long hooks being dropped over the sides of small boats as they sought for Liza's body. Did those heavy hooks catch her clothing or her flesh??? All these thoughts haunt me at night so that I can hardly sleep.

I don't remember her family arriving. They were far across the bay from us, Thank God. When Liza's body was found about dusk, John broke, cried and fainted. Our parents took us home to the cocoon of a warm bed, hot drinks and drugged sleep.

Peter and I sat together last night and talked of what we had to do today. We agreed that together we could find the courage to go to the funeral. John had pneumonia and could not go, but, we, together, would be there for John, too. Maybe then I could sleep, I hoped.

Fate has many quirks...we can never count on her. This morning, Peter had a high fever and could not accompany me. My parents, with great concern, watched me as I left the house. They couldn't understand any more than I, why I had to go alone. As I left the warmth of that house and the love within, I walked away from my childhood and started upon my way along the rocky path to maturity.

I felt the tension as I entered the funeral home. I can still feel it, as it reaches out for me. In a moment, I must leave you, must go into the little back room and see Liza's parents. But, I had to talk to someone just to get my mind straight. Please pray for me, Father, for I need all the help I can get during these next few minutes.

My heart sings! My soul is full of sunshine, and my mind is at ease! Liza's parents, in their grief, had time for compassion for a bewildered sixteen year old. As I sit here and try to tell Peter how good they were, I cannot find the words. Always in my life, when I think of good people, Liza's parents will head my list.

I remember that as I entered the room where they sat, huddled together for strength to accept their loss, they rose together and embraced me. Liza's mother cried as she told me of her concern for me. Liza's father told me they blamed no one for the accident. In all their pain, they opened my life anew.

And, as I left them, I held my head high. They had set me free. No one blamed me. No one stared in hostility and malice. The guilt was all in my mind.

Oh, I don't say I won't have more nightmares. There will be times when I will feel pity for myself, but those wonderful people, out of their sorrow, gave me another chance for life, and I vow to use it wisely.

Betty Faulkenberry

The Place in Between

Characters: All wear white robes except for Jim who wears a black robe. All are of undetermined age, yet it is clear that there is an age span.

Time: The present.

Place: The stage is set with what appears to be the lobby of a hotel. To the right is the check-out desk and up left are a set of chairs. Scattered about the lobby are lounge chairs and some potted plants. A radio may be playing the latest heavenly music and news, for this is a stopping point between worlds. The clerk comes in from right and spreads a newspaper before him on the desk. He sits on a stool. Mrs. Kirk comes in from right and walks to the desk.

Clerk: (Looking up from the paper) Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Kirk: I need a room for awhile.

Clerk: How long will it be?

Mrs. Kirk: I really don't know. Maybe for a day, maybe for a month.

Clerk: Yes, ma'am; but why won't you be continuing your journey on up tomorrow?

Mrs. Kirk: Because I'm not going up; I'm going down since I've been in Paradise for a month.

Clerk: But if you've been in Paradise, why are you going down? Did they find something on you?

Mrs. Kirk: No no. I'm not going all the way down. This is the last stop until I pass onto the sinful world.

Clerk: We don't get many of your sort. Now, what's your name and just what sort of a room do you want?

Mrs. Kirk: In the sinful world, I was known as Mrs. Jim Kirk, Sr. By the way, have I gotten any messages from the sinful world.

Clerk: Messages? We don't get many messages but I can check. Jim Kirk you say? (She nods and he looks in a drawer and pulls out a card.) Why yes, yes you do.

Mrs. Kirk: Let me have it!

Clerk: I'm afraid I can't do that.

Mrs. Kirk: Read it to me; read it to me!

Clerk: It's a message from the outer guardian. He says there was a

medium asking for you.

Mrs. Kirk: Is there any more?

Clerk: I'm afraid not, but if you'll sign here, I can give you a room to stay in. (She signs the register.)

Mrs. Kirk: I do wish there was more of an element of time. I would like to know how long ago the message was sent. Now what room do I want? Well, just give me one of the lesser rooms, because I don't know how long I'll be here.

Clerk: I can give you one of those rooms but we usually use them for those people that are going on down and may have several to a room. However, I'll see if I can't get you one by yourself.

Mrs. Kirk: That's very kind of you but I do think I'll be just fine. They shouldn't be that bad, I hope. I'll be in here most of the time anyway. I do hope that it'll be all right.

Clerk: Very good. When you want it, the room is number nineteen, end of the hall. (He points up the stairs.)

Mrs. Kirk: Thank you. Now if you don't mind, I'll just sit over here. (She turns and goes to one of the chairs. As she does this a young man, Jim, comes down the stairs followed by a porter.

Jim: But I don't want to go. I'm satisfied staying here. I'll do anything to stay here.

Porter: Look, chum, it isn't my place to say who goes and who stays. All I do is get you guys up and set you on the right path.

Jim: But I don't want to go the way you're sending me. I want to go back the way I came. (At desk.)

Porter: I can't help what path you choose. That's where you goofed. I just put you on the path. Now go on and check out.

Jim: (To clerk.) Can't you do something? I mean, surely there's some way out.

Clerk: There was a way out before you passed over but apparently you didn't choose to take it. You can go on now. The porter will show you the way. You are expected so don't try to get back. (Jim now sees Mrs. Kirk.)

Jim: Well, what's she doing here? Doesn't she have to go down?

Clerk: Look, son, it really is none of your business, but she's being recalled to the sinful world by a medium.

Jim: Then can I go with her?

Clerk: No, I'm afraid not. She's the one that's being called and the caller doesn't want you too.

Jim: If someone were to call me, I could return, couldn't I?

Clerk: You're beginning to get monotonous. But, yes, if someone did call you, you could return. (Jim steps over to Mrs. Kirk and kneels down beside the chair.)

Jim: Look, lady, if you get back to Earth or whatever you call

where you're going, have them call for (The porter steps over and begins to pull Jim up and out right.) Jim Kirk Jr. O.K.—.

Mrs. Kirk: What did you say? Please, I want to talk to the man. (Porter turns Jim loose, who hurries back to her.) Are you Jim Kirk, Jr.?

Jim: Yes, ma'am, but....

Mrs. Kirk: What is your middle name?

Jim: Leicester. But....

Mrs. Kirk: Spell it. Please spell it.

Jim: L-e-i-c-e-s-t-e-r, but why do you want to know?

Mrs. Kirk: Because I am your mother, Mrs. Jim Leicester Kirk, Sr.

Jim: But I haven't had a mother since I was three years old.

Mrs. Kirk: Then I know you are my son. I passed over in his third sinful year. But how old were you when you passed over?

Jim: Passed over? What's passed over?

Mrs. Kirk: We say passed over rather than died. It's nicer. But how old were you; four or five?

Jim: Good golly no. I was twenty one.

Mrs. Kirk: Then I haven't been in Paradise for a month but for eighteen years. I hadn't realized that the time spans were so different. Son, what caused you to pass over?

Porter: Look, ma'am, I really do need to be sending him on.

Clerk: Oh hush up! Don't you realize what's going on?

Mrs. Kirk: Go ahead, son. Tell me.

Jim: Well, Mom...I can call you Mom can't I?

Mrs. Kirk: I suppose that'll do. Now go ahead.

Jim: Well, Mom, I really don't want to tell you but I took an overdose of Reds.

Mrs. Kirk: Oh dear: What are Reds, some sort of little bug?

Jim: No, Mom. It's a drug, an illegal drug.

Mrs. Kirk: Is your father all right? Please tell me he is.

Jim: Last I knew, he was.

Mrs. Kirk: Was he eating all right? Your father never would eat very well.

Jim: Well, lately he's taken to drinking. Not too much eating.

Mrs. Kirk: He never had much of a strong will. I do hope he stops. (A messenger comes in and goes to the clerk.)

Messenger: Have a message here from the outer limits, up from the sinful world. (He hands the message to the clerk who reads it.)

Clerk: Well, she's over there. Tell her yourself.

Mrs. Kirk: A message for me? I just knew one would come soon. When do we go?

Messenger: We don't go anywhere. You are to return to Paradise.
Mrs. Kirk: But a medium was calling me.
Messenger: They no longer want you.
Mrs. Kirk: But how can that be? I got a very urgent call to return and I want to return. My husband is having trouble.
Messenger: No ma'am. He's no longer having trouble. The trouble passed on and he no longer needs your aid.
Mrs. Kirk: But what was I to do for him? He always had something for me to do. Never would let me rest.
Messenger: He was having trouble with his son and he wanted you to influence the boy.
Mrs. Kirk: (To Jim.) Jim, have you been bad? (To messenger.) What sort of trouble? I do hope that it wasn't serious.
Messenger: Well, I'm not too familiar with it, but it seems the boy had taken some drugs and had gone into demon worship.
Mrs. Kirk: (To Jim.) But Jim, you didn't really get into all that, did you? Jim, do tell me it isn't true, because without someone calling me, I can't pass over and do something about it.
Jim: Yes, mom; it's all true and now, too late, I know my mistake. (Messenger exits.)
Mrs. Kirk: I do wish that I could faint and hear no more but I can't. What am I to do now?
Porter: One thing's for sure; this boy isn't going anywhere but on down the path.
Mrs. Kirk: No, he can't be. I've heard how really bad it is. You can't let my little boy go there.
Porter: I haven't got any other choice.
Clerk: Mrs. Kirk, the porter can't help it. The boy must be going.
Mrs. Kirk: What am I to do? My son is going down and I'm not wanted by the sinful world. My husband is drinking; my son was on drugs and demon worship. So where am I to go and what am I to do?
Porter: Perhaps you should go with your boy. (She glares.)
Clerk: Still your tongue. We must respect all of our guests.
Jim: Mom, you worry too much.
Clerk: Excellent point. Mrs. Kirk, really, there is nothing that you can do. Everything is fixed and you can't change it.
Mrs. Kirk: (Getting distressed.) Surely I can. I always have before.
Clerk: No, ma'am, I'm afraid you can't. Your boy's destiny is formed. His past is recorded and gone. Your husband will have his day and he doesn't want you. And you, I feel you should go on back to Paradise.
Mrs. Kirk: But I, I have to do something about all this. I have to correct it all.

Jim: No, Mom. You can't correct any of it. The mistakes have been made and you can't change any of them. It always has been out of your hands and in the hands of someone greater.

Mrs. Kirk: But surely there is something, anything that I can do. (The clerk shakes his head. She looks at the porter who turns away.) There must be. (She looks at Jim who shakes his head.)

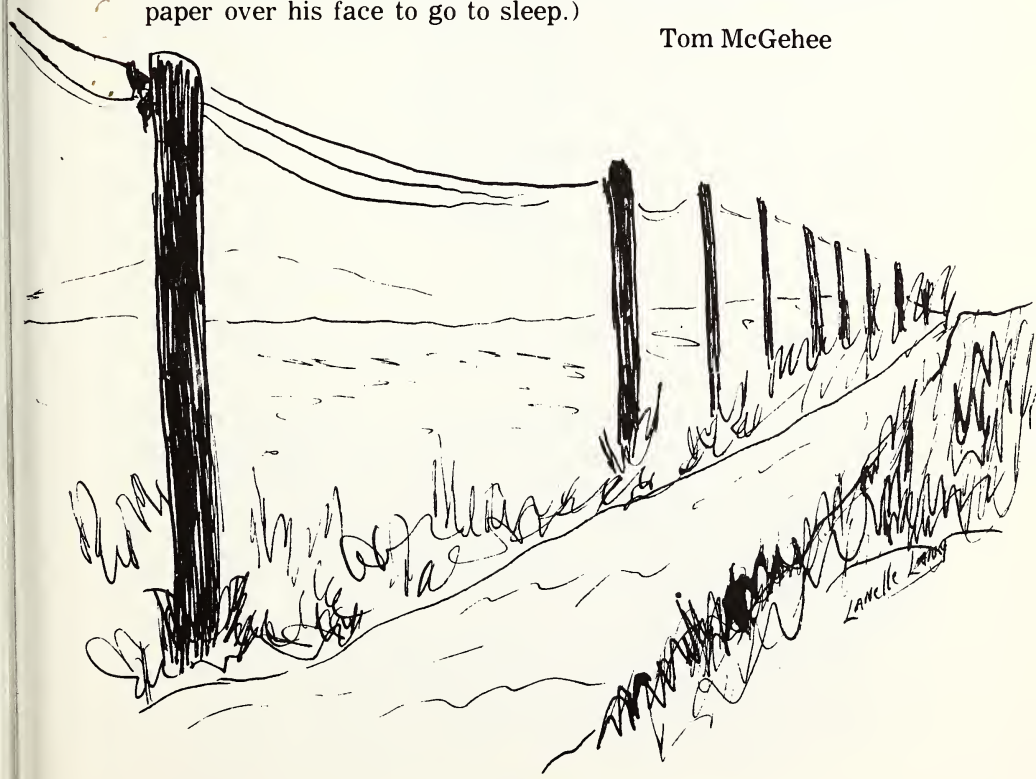
Jim: Mom, Dad used to tell me how you worried over things and it never helped. And now I see for myself he gave me facts that I refused to believe.

Mrs. Kirk: But I'm not worried. I'm just.....concerned about all this.

Jim: Mom, you're worried and it isn't doing any good. Like the man said "Everything is fixed and you can't change it." (Mrs. Kirk breaks down and Jim turns to the porter.) Now, if you will just show me the way, I'll be gone. (The porter perks up and leads him off but at the door Jim stops.) Bye, Mom. Now I sort of wish I didn't know what you were like. (Exit.)

Mrs. Kirk: I can change it; I can change it. I know I can . (During this she is sobbing She exits up the stairs. The clerk turns up the radio, leans back in his chair and puts the paper over his face to go to sleep.)

Tom McGehee



Facing The Energy Crisis

A fuel crisis of massive proportions is building up in this country, suddenly intensified by boycotts of oil shipments to the United States by the Arab nations. In the November 12, 1973, issue of the **U. S. News and World Report** the editor made the following statement: "Americans are face to face with crippling shortages. If winter is severe widespread trouble is sure. To date what lies ahead could be a rough road."

Before the crisis is ended, Americans may very well face:

(a) the rationing of both fuel oil and gasoline;
(b) the loss of jobs by thousands;
(c) a nationwide speed limit, perhaps as low as 50 MPH;

(d) a return to daylight saving time;

(e) heatless cars on transit systems dependent on electricity;

(f) more air pollution to permit burning of high-sulfur coal and oil.

The impact and duration of the energy crunch hinges on two unknowns: how long the Arab oil boycott continues and how bitter the weather is in the winter. Americans are already feeling the crunch at the gas pump and officials say the worst is yet to come.

The energy crisis has been approaching the United States and the world for many years now. Talk has been stirred up in the past of our natural resources eventually running out, but no one has really taken it seriously.

Why did it develop? This question has been answered in many ways in the past few weeks. Laying opinions aside, we must get to the heart of the matter. The heart of the problem lies in the October war between Israel and the Arabs. Even before a truce was arranged, the Arabs turned to oil as a weapon to assure a satisfactory peace settlement.

The eleven oil-producing Arab countries first cut back production 5 per cent, then trimmed another 20 per cent and said a further 5 per cent cut would be made in December. Furthermore, all shipments were embargoed to nations regarded by Arabs as pro-Israeli--the U. S., South Africa, the Netherlands, and South Yemen. Oil destined for countries that normally process Arab crude for resale in the U. S. also was stopped. This primarily affected Canada, Trinidad and the Bahamas. The Arabs warned that any nations found selling to the blacklisted countries would also be boycotted immediately. **(U. S. News and World Report, November 1973).**

As recently as the late summer of 1973 President Nixon and other top U. S. officials dismissed the effectiveness of any attempt by the Arabs to use oil as a weapon. Now, at the beginning of December, questions are being raised as to why weren't we ready for such a crisis and what can we now do about it?

The people are caught between something they cannot control, and the people will face problems in many areas of the economy. Americans are already paying soaring prices for oil products. Consumers are noting with alarm a four cents per gallon increase on gasoline in November and more increases are predicted to come in December.

Recognizing the gravity of the situation, Congress is speeding

up legislation, and the administration and Congress have temporarily put aside their differences to rush through the emergency legislation. Powers requested by the President to control the energy crisis were all granted with the exception of two: year-round daylight-saving time and the deregulation of natural gas prices. Among the solutions offered was the suggestion that gas be rationed.

Rationing, however, according to President Nixon, would be the last resort, used only if all the other proposed actions fell short. Energy Chief Love told the Interior Committee that, if necessary, a gasoline-rationing program could be set up within 45 to 60 days.

Middle distillates, which include some heating oil, jet and diesel fuel, already are covered by a government mandatory-allocation program. That program, begun November 1, got off to a ragged start. California announced it had been granted a month's delay, as were a number of utilities in Texas. And in some states, such as Connecticut, forms were late in arriving.

Nixon has banned any further switching from coal to fuel oil and has ordered plants to return to burning coal. Coal supplies may present difficulties, especially if coal is to be used by many plants. Even with all the rush, rush activity, the government is not going to be able to relieve the shortage this winter.

The American people have also begun to help the administration by conserving energy. Even as Nixon was proclaiming an "energy emergency" on nationwide radio and television, Americans were taking steps to aid in the crisis.

In Columbia, South Carolina, official city cars now are limited to a speed of no more than 50 MPH, and the thermostats in city buildings are turned down to 68 degrees. A fleet of seven bicycles is on hand for the use of the employees in the downtown business district.

For students in the schools of Carrol County, Georgia, there will be no more band or field trips on school buses. The 500 residents of Block Island, Rhode Island, have gone back to daylight-saving time so electric lights will not be used so much in the evening. The town council has even discussed the possibility of using windmills to generate electricity. All over the country car pools are being formed for going to and from work. Computers are even being used to match by geographical areas workers who can ride together.

These examples of the ways the American people are responding are only a few from some areas. All over the United States people are developing tactics to conserve our precious

energy. Even at Copiah-Lincoln Junior College students and teachers are concerned about the energy crisis. In my research I have talked with some teachers and students. In a personal interview with Mr. Mike McIntyre, teacher of economics, I found that economists had predicted the energy crisis long ago. Mr. McIntyre also informed me of some of the conservation techniques he will use in his home. His lights will be utilized on a minimum basis and dishes will be washed by hand. These are a few comments I had expected to hear, but I investigated further. I asked certain students in a survey if they had turned out lights and heaters before going home for the weekend. I was not surprised that most of them had.

But general reaction around campus to the energy crisis is immaturely expressed by the students and many seem unconcerned. Lights, water, and gas for heating of living areas are of great importance, and I believe there is excessive waste of this energy by the students.

Lights in the dormitories are used for good purposes, but about 50 per cent of the light energy is wasted. In September Co-Lin's electric bill was $1500 higher than it was at the same time last year. The gas consumed cost Co-Lin $1000 more in September of this year than last year. The utility bills will continue to grow if we do not begin to conserve energy. With increasing prices and decreasing quantity, we must do everything possible to conserve energy throughout the campus. If the prices rise for the utilities, then the cost for attending will also rise.

I have asked myself what I can do to conserve energy. Being young, I am thoughtless and waste gasoline I could conserve. However, in the past two weeks I have driven my car to school and parked it until I was ready to go home Friday afternoon. Small methods of conserving will eventually combine to larger savings of energy. For example, Mr. Bradley Smith, Director of Student Activities, said that as few buses as possible will be taken to sports events and that no bus will be taken if the trip is over 100 miles one way. If college students at Co-Lin and all over America will think seriously about pleasure riding and discontinue it, much needed energy can be saved.

The only way that we, the American people, can combat the energy crisis is to unite our efforts. The American people have united on troublesome issues in the past and will rise to the occasion once again. Everyone must realize that gas should not be wasted, for it is becoming as precious as gold.

Tommy Keen

Riddles

With apologies to the Anglo-Saxon Scops

I have fooled humanity for eons.
I tell on some with laughter lines,
On others I leave not a trace.
Alas, I creep up on some!
(And scare them from life's span.)
To some I give life's richest blessings,
Still others only deep remorse.
I bring maturity, sometimes
And what else?—toothless senility.

I sweep the earth clean by coming in sheets.
I'm cold or warm with humid heat.
Sometimes I drop softly and care for earth's flowers
Or fall in torrents and show forth my powers:
Destruction, sadness, and awe.

I am tall or short, slim or fat.
I melt at command from the light.
Am constantly abused for countless reasons;
Cry tears that freeze on my cheek.

Jeane Magee
Brookhaven High School

(AGE) (RAIN) (CANDLE)

P. S. Wake Up!

I had no idea of what was wrong. I was a giggly fifteen-year-old kid who had never been through the mixed - up rigamarole involved in the phenomenal happening called "falling in love." But I knew there was something emerging, something very deep, so far within my soul that I could not see the change in my character that was causing all this trouble. Maybe it was like Lucas had said, "I was asleep." I tried to lay it off on that; however, I had a little trouble convincing myself that I was asleep and dreaming, because my eyes were wide open and I could see everything around me. The old hutch filled with beautiful blue-flowered dishes, the table covered with a green and white frayed tablecloth; even the stately six-foot-high grandfather clock, that had struck a few minutes ago and had sent out three low clear "dongs," proved to me that I was indeed awake and I did have a problem.

Lucas had never acted so strangely toward me nor I toward him. We had always been content to be "Big Brother" and "Little Sister," and I had thought that that would never change. Lately we had been ruffling each other's feathers a little more than was comfortable; so when he had asked me to come to his house again, which was way back on a little dirt road that had only one other house on it, I hesitated. I had thought, "Why should I put up with three miles of walking with my brothers and sisters just to have an argument?" But trying to be an optimist, I gave it another try.

The other house on the road that Lucas lived on was empty and had belonged to Lucas' grandfather when he was alive. Since a child's imagination can make a house into everything from a fort to a haunted house to a steamboat to a castle, that house is the place where Lucas and I took my four brothers and sisters, along with his six, to play and to get them out of our parents' hair.

Because they were farmers and most of their 160 acres was plowed for fields, their house was built in the very center of the land, giving easy access to each field or pasture by the numerous paths that ran through the property. The road came through the wooded portion, passed the vacant house, and ended at Lucas' weathered gray home.

The aforementioned eighty acres had not been bought by Lucas' father, Sam, because he thought he needed it. Before the

depression, the family did very well on the cotton farm. The land had been bought to keep it from coming into the hands of a drunkard named Wilson who was suspected of arson. Sam would not risk losing in a fire all he had worked for.

On one summer day, bright and hot, I left my house at two o'clock in the afternoon, herding my two brothers and two sisters ahead of me like a flock of geese. We had finished eating dinner and I had anxiously washed our dishes, trying to get through so I could go help Lucas' mother with her chores. There were nine at her house, two more than we had, so I reasoned she had more dishes to wash. Really, I used that as an excuse to get to talk with her. She was younger than Mama, or at least she seemed to be, and understood me much better than my own mother could. Mama tried but she was nothing like Mrs. Aintry.

Finally, as the last dish was dried, I called the children and ran out of the house.

"Now you wait a minute! Wait for your brothers and sisters. Wait for Tommy to come with you." Tommy (who was sixteen) was my older brother, a year younger than Lucas.

"Oh, Mama..." I groaned.

"Now don't start that again. You remember what we talked about. What if Mr. Wilson come along? What would you do?"

"I'd run! Besides what would he be doing on the path between our house and Luke's?" Personally, I thought she was being silly and my tone of voice revealed that to her.

"Now, young lady, don't you know I'm just worried about you. You're growing up and you'll understand one of these days when you're a woman."

When I'm a woman, I thought, I won't have to listen to this.

"Yes ma'am." I said. I didn't want to get her mad to delay me more or maybe not even let me go.

Tommy and the others came out and I changed my mind in nothing flat. "Come on, let's go!" I urged.

"Don't rush me. It's too hot to run," said Tommy.

"Oh, please, come on." I pleaded.

"Dahling, you don't seem to understand. I might overwork myself." He was trying to make me mad. Looking back, I saw Mama had gone inside. I took a chance, turned and ran down our path toward Lucas' house.

"Hey, wait a minute! Come back here or I'll tell Mama!"

I knew he was teasing me now, so running backwards, I stuck my tongue out at him, then smiled as he said to the other three,

"Come on. Hannah's headed for a fire."

"What fire?" said my little brother.

"Oh, you're so dumb!" insulted my little sister.

I chuckled to myself as I ran.

We arrived at the house just as the family was scattering from the dinner table. It was Sunday so all the children except Luke went to the yard to play with my brothers and sisters. Sam didn't go to the fields either but went to the fireplace room to read a week old newspaper that he had luckily come by. Luke went with him. Mrs. Aintry and I went straight to the washpan where we gossiped and washed all those chicken-gravy covered dishes. I thought we'd never finish, but as I was drying my hands, Lucas came in and asked if I were ready to go. I was and we called the young'uns.

While we were walking up the road to the old house, it happened. The youngest of the children was away up ahead playing "Follow the Leader." Tommy and Luke's sister, Kate, were a little behind, watching them as ordered by Luke and me.

I thought the conversation was going pretty well, better than usual even, when Lucas boomed, "I don't get you! You are really getting me all mixed up. First you act mature and sensible, then you go and do something like that. You must be half asleep or something because you're acting like a complete moron!"

"What did I do all of a sudden?"

"Well, when you first started coming over here, you were just another kid I had to take care of and look after. I was nursemaid to all eleven of y'all. Then a couple of years passed, you started getting prissy and sassy, and I just couldn't stand you. Well, now you've changed again, and I just don't know what to do with you. You're too young for me to sue and too old for me to spank — though I wish I could sometimes, like right now. You can be so grown up, so reasonable and helpful. Like you comin' and helping Mama with the housework. Now, that's got to mean something. But sometimes I could just tan your fanny for the way you act and the way you confuse me!"

"Well, are you finished?" I asked, getting angry with him.

"Yes, I am...for the moment."

"All I did was pick a flower and do 'Rich man, poor man;" I defended.

"Yeah, and it landed on 'Lawyer'!"

"Well?" I said, thinking how ridiculous all this was becoming.

"You cocked your head and had the nerve to ask me if I was going to be a lawyer, then just dropped the subject like a greased anvil."

"Well, I'm sorry. If you want to talk about lawyers I'll be glad to. You know, my granny says 99 per cent of them are crooked as a barrel of snakes."

Lucas looked totally exasperated. He shouted, "Oh, that's not funny now! I thought you meant something when you asked me that."

Hot tears were stinging my eyes. I was the one who was really confused. He wasn't making any kind of sense at all.

"Well, are you going to be a lawyer?" I asked sincerely.

"Oh! You are a moron," he said and ran out through the woods leaving me behind, crying in bewilderment.

Knowing she could help me and could clear all this mess up for good, I turned around and walked back to the one friend whom I had faith in, Mrs. Aintry.

When I arrived at the house as I was going through the front door, I was trying to hide the fact that I had been crying. Mrs. Aintry took one look into my puffy red eyes and pushed me gently into a chair. "What's the matter, honey?" she said as we sat down.

I already felt better. "Oh, Miz Aintry, I don't know what it is. Luke says I've been actin' funny, but I think **he's** the one actin' foolish, getting mad over a simple question. Maybe you can get some sense out of it. I can't."

"Well, tell me what happened, and I'll sure try."

"We were walkin' down the road just a while ago by ourselves. The kids were on up ahead. Anyway, I picked a daisy and was doing 'Rich man, poor man'; you know that little game where whatever the last petal lands on is supposed to be the occupation of your husband. I do it all the time. Well, it landed on 'Lawyer'. Then all I did was ask him if he was going to be a lawyer, and that's all in the world that I meant, and he gets all riled up. He starts yellin' at me telling me I'm a moron and I'm asleep. I don't know what made him mad, Miz Aintry."

"Hannah Williams, you have a lot to learn about men," she said matter-of-factly.

"Men?" I repeated.

"Uh-huh. You have to watch 'em. They'll take you serious before you have time to tell 'em better. That's all I can make of it. He was just listen' too close, and he thought you meant more than you said. You said the last petal was the trade of your **husband**; then you say you turned right around and asked him if he was going to be

a lawyer." Then she said very slowly, "In other words, he thought you wanted to know whether or not he would be your husband."

My eyes must have been as big as stove lids. Suddenly I realized how ignorant I was and how careless I was about not using my brain before I put my mouth to work.

She said, "I've noticed he's been talking about you a lot more lately and he's always anxious for you to come over here." She paused giving me a thorough looking over.

"You know," she said, "you're turning out to be some young woman. Look around. Wake up. I'm not the only one who has noticed it."

Without another word she rose and left me sitting alone, looking around, waking up.

"Lucas! Lu - cas! Luke! Where are you? I have to talk to you. Please Lucas!" Realizing his mama had been right, that I was growing up in the world and wanting to let Lucas know I understood, I had gone back out and was now trying to find him in the thick forest along the road. Finding out why we acted the way we did toward each other showed that we both were beginning to mature, and as we did, so did our relationship. He simply had accepted it before I had.

"Here I am. Well, what do you want?" he asked as he stepped from behind an old oak that was covered with carvings and inscriptions.

I began slowly, with my eyes focused on my bare toes.

"I want to tell you something. I have been thinking. I talked to your Mama and she told me what was wrong. I didn't mean it the way you thought I did, and I'm sorry you misunderstood me."

"That's all right. I shouldn't have gotten mad."

"Well, I don't blame you," I said with a lighter heart." "I understand and I want to ask you something-but you have to promise you won't get mad."

He smiled as his eyes sparkled in the sun. "O.K., I promise."

"Are you going to be a lawyer?" I teased.

He came closer and said, "I just—might—be."

After a second he said, "Hey, let's carve our names on this tree and put some kind of little message to anybody that might come by later."

Looking at the oak and then all around us, I raised my hands and said, "Now, who in the world do you think would come by here

except a squirrel or somethin'?"

"Well, we would come," he suggested.

"That's right. What will we put on it?"

"Oh, I imagine we'll think of something appropriate," he answered.

"Uh-huh," I grinned.

He took out his knife after a moment of thought, then worked steadily and carefully. When he had finished the carving, we both examined it with pride at the perfection it achieved in expressing our feelings.

We walked away from there, our laughter ringing our message beautifully through the sun-streaked forest; but, as Lucas had said, we returned there to that blissful green place to be reminded of the two most important things in our lives.

And now in an unpopulated Southern forest on an old oak tree, beaten for fifty-odd years by rain and wind and lightning, there still can be seen an inscription meaning as much today as it did on that special day — "L.A. + H.W., P.S. Wake Up!"

Linda Wooten
Brookhaven High School

MCOIN

Life With A Know-It-All Brother

My brother Bert is a scientist, mathematician, and businessman, all rolled into one typical, pesky fifteen-year-old boy.

Bert spends most of his time at home bothering my sister and me. He is a champion arguer, and he invents something new to argue about every day. He never wants to watch the television show I want to watch, he always eats the last piece of cake or pie before anyone else can get to it, and he always comes in my room to see how long it will take me to tell him to get out. Sometimes when I get mad at him, I decide not to speak to him for as long as I can. If he sees that I'm ignoring him, he will try to make me laugh, and he always succeeds.

Physically, Bert is the slowest person I know. When he is told to do something, he always says, "Wait a minute." He hates to get out of bed in the morning; and when he does, he is usually in a bad mood. People outside of my family seem to have the mistaken idea that he is very quiet, but since we have to listen to him singing in the shower every day, we know better.

Bert never ceases to amaze me with his knowledge of just about everything under the sun. He always manages to make me feel like a fool. I wish I knew how he can be so well-informed on so many different subjects. In school, he has never made anything except A's. Usually when report card day comes around, I hear something like this: "Your brother made straight A's. Why didn't you?" I have accepted the fact that Bert is smarter than I am. I wish my parents would accept it, too. Even though he is two years behind me in school, Bert can usually help me out with some of my homework. He doesn't complain about it either. He is always ready to show me that he knows as much or more than I do.

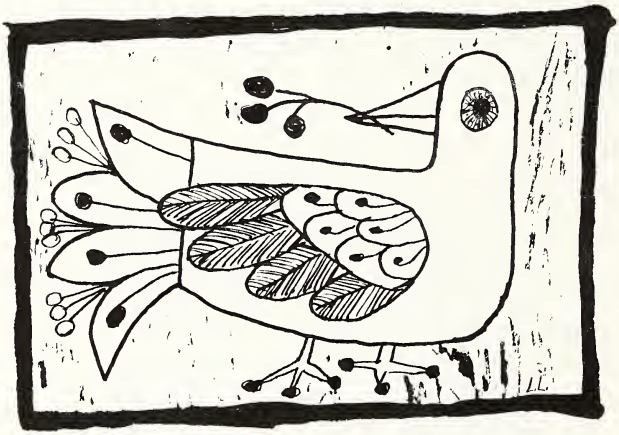
The thing I admire most about this brother of mine is his ability to manage money. He has been working for father for several years now, and he has saved what is to me an unbelievable amount. He has recently bought an expensive camera, equipment for it, and a television for his room. Yet he still has money to burn. He has it in the bank, and he really keeps a good check on it. He has offered to help me manage my money, but I think it would be a waste of time.

Bert is very scientific-minded and is constantly working on

some kind of science project. When he gets through with one, I am amazed that he knew what he was doing. I suppose he is just well organized. Last spring, before he went to Washington, D. C., for a week with father, he made out a schedule to follow when they got there. He had planned to see and to visit everything, and he did.

Yes, Bert is really something. What puzzles me is how he can be so intelligent and yet be such a normal, troublesome brother. I guess that's just how he is; and do you know something? I wouldn't want him any other way.

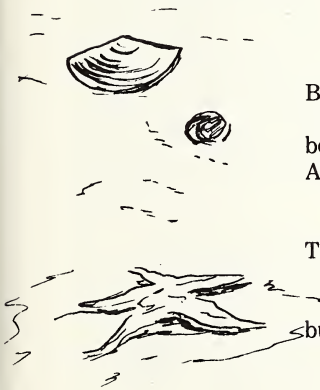
Linda Smith

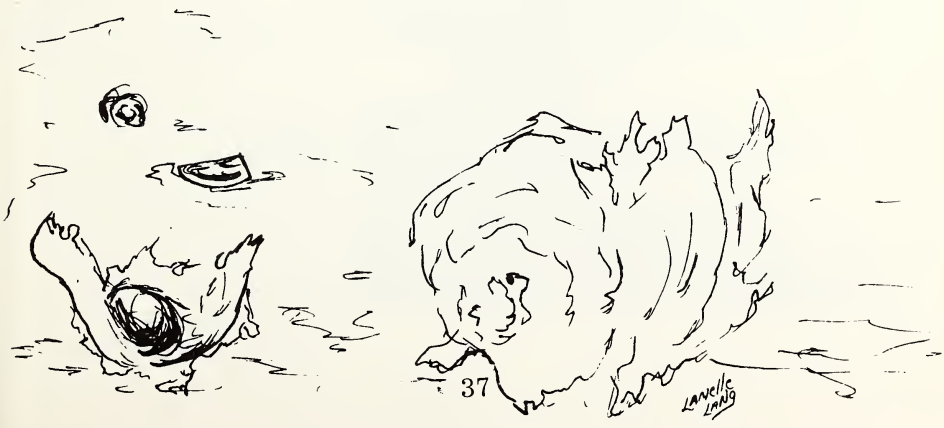


The Sea Shells

I

As I look out into the wide area of the waters
and as I ran down to the shore
to only feel a tide come in
I picked up a little sea shell that was
washed-wet-yet still there...
The darkness came, the moon was shining, and
the stars came out
And there on the ocean shore were
crickets chirping, birds singing,
the sound of fish jumping,
the noise the wind made,
and gushing waters
But I wasn't really there to see all this
but I know it was there
because the ocean speaks for itself
And so does life, but I can't compare
life here as on the ocean shore
that lies there...
There's noise, there's violence, there's love,
only the birds share it and
only the coolness of life brings it,
but through a picture and a sea shell I know it.





II

As I walked along the shore that night I found a sea shell
It had once had life in it, once lived,
Yet could it be dead?

And as I walked kicking the sand,
I wondered if life could be dead?

I held the sea shell in my hand,
For the world which it held.

And I thought of how God right above the rushing waters
holds us in his hands.....

And as the waves tossed and tore at the rocks,
There seemed to be a hatred feeling among the tides.
Yet I found it was only mine!

And when I looked up to the starry sky and said, "I forgive them,"
There with the sea shell was a calm and peaceful ocean
The waters quit rushing in and the waves lay still
And there came rest for the life among the ocean

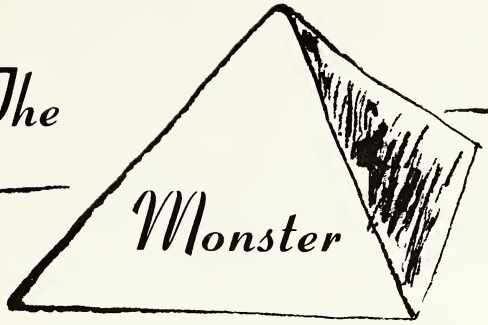
and for me!!

III

Each day I escape to the shore
Where I have a friend---
A tiny sea shell---
And the silence of the water---
With only the gull hovering
Above for
There's the echo of its cry---
And with the sea shell
And its life---
I try to reach out---
To catch what beauty
That's left---
The shell was lying
There alone
Yet I was company
Darkness came---yet I found a light,
Emptiness was present
Yet it vanished
When I found the
Reflection that
My life was with
The sea shell.

Gay Harveston
Monticello High School

The Monster Within



Prologue

Four triangular sides meeting at a point. A square base. Mammoth structure. Weight: structure contains four million blocks that average sixteen tons each. Height: 610 feet. Buried 2,581 feet below surface of planet Earth (burial allowing for structure's height). Structure's contents: Top Secret...

Part the First -- Discovery

The Mayor handed his assistant the legislation he'd just signed. It was for the construction of a huge, underground nuclear-power plant.

Construction began. An enormous hole was dug. One bright, sunny, summer day, the men and machines laboriously boring deep within the earth's surface discovered something, something that had been hidden ages ago, far into the earth's "skin." The find was hushed up and kept from the public a little while, but unfortunately too many people knew or were involved in this "uncovering" that it was leaked to the press. Newsmen and television reporters with camera crews converged upon the scene. So everyone was informed when it was discovered what the find turned out to be...

"Pyramid Found in North America: Origin Unknown!" blared the newspaper headlines. Yes, indeed, it was a pyramid, of the Egyptian quality--Ancient Egyptian smooth-sided style, at that!

Finally, the base of the pyramid was uncovered, and the sides of the hole it resided in were dug back, so that the pyramid was in the center of a "valley," so to speak. Then came the scientists and archaeologists, Presidents, Prime Ministers, Kings, Princes, Queens, Princesses, professors, ambassadors, governors, Party leaders, a sprinkling of mayors and friends...then the general public was allowed to visit the incredible and mysterious pyramid.

Part the Second -- Arrival

Professor Ingleson was walking hurriedly from the university, where he taught, to his nearby home. Five minutes before, he'd received a frantic telephone call from his wife to come home...at once!

He stopped shock-still on the sidewalk leading up to his front steps. The front door had been flung wide open. As the Professor's foot touched the threshold, a light breeze carried a strange, burnt smell to his nostrils. He vaguely wondered if the back door had been left ajar, and he called his wife's

name. No answer. He called again, louder. No answer. In fact, the house itself seemed disturbingly silent...silent...

Professor Ingleson moved cautiously toward the rear of his home. He halted at the end of the hallway. The back door was lying on the ground in the cool, green grass, exposed to the rich summer sun. The door had been ripped off its hinges.

Far beyond the door, very close to the woods bordering the Professor's expansive back yard, the grass blackened and burnt in a circular pattern. In the center of the burnt grass circle sat a house-sized, white metallic disk...with mirror-glassed windows. Two-way mirrors, perhaps. One could not see inside, but...whatever was inside could easily see out...

The Professor made a dash to the hall telephone. He snatched up the receiver. The phone was dead.

"Please close the front door, and follow me, Professor," came a soft, reedy voice from somewhere in the house, from one of the few rooms.

The Professor started for the den, but the voice, insistent in tone, stopped him. "The door, Professor, if you please!" the voice said.

Professor Ingleson complied. "Where are you! Who are you? What is it you want!" said the Professor, finishing the simple task.

"The den," spoke the voice.

Two men in the den found Professor Ingleson as he entered. Both, however, looked deathly pale, anemic. They were dressed in green space suits.

"In answer to your second question," quietly spoke one who wore two blue stripes on each arm of his green space suit, "we are Earthmen, like yourself, only from the far future. The craft you saw in your back yard is a time machine."

"And in answer to your third question," softly spoke the other man, two yellow stripes on his green space suit, "we have come to warn you. About the pyramid..."

Part the Third -- Warning!

Like the many other couples, a wiry, middle-aged man and his overweight spouse were having a picnic. Only their picnic was held at the base of the mysterious pyramid.

"Please pass the mustard, Dearest, also the mayonnaise and the green pepper. While you're getting that, you might hand me..."

"Shutup and get it all yourself!" said the fat wife from her folding chair. "I'm trying to take a nap!"

"Yes, Dearest," meekly replied the obedient husband. He turned and reached for the thermos bottle, however, for he'd suddenly felt thirsty. The thermos bottle was resting on the first block of the pyramid. As he reached for it, the pyramid...

"What's the matter, Pumpkin?" said the fat wife, suddenly rushing to her husband's side at seeing him turn white and break into a cold sweat.

He laughed. "Must be the heat," he said. "For a moment there, I thought I saw the pyramid move..."

Professor Ingleson was startled. Time machine? A warning? The pyramid? Slowly, he sank into his favorite chair. Then, half-rising, he said,

"Catharine! Where is my wife?"

Blue stripes spoke, "She is asleep. We had to give her a strong tranquilizer."

The Professor sat back down. Presently, a puzzled frown clouded his face.

"I fear," said blue stripes, "that by the look on your face that you don't believe us."

"That is just the problem," said the Professor, "I do believe you! But you spoke of a warning. A warning about the pyramid?"

"Yes," spoke yellow stripes. "Our sensors detected that the pyramid had been distrubed."

"Yes, that's true. We've not been able to open it yet, but..."

"Open?" interrupted yellow stripes. "You talk as if it had been uncovered."

"It has been uncovered," said the Professor.

"The whole pyramid? The base?"

"Why, yes!"

The two time travelers paused to look at each other. "That means," said blue stripes to yellow stripes, "that it has been exposed to air..."

"Is there something wrong with the pyramid's being exposed to air?" asked Professor Ingleson.

Blue stripes asked, "How long ago was the base exposed?"

"Over a month now. Why? Why do you ask?"

"Permit me to explain, Professor," spoke yellow stripes. "In our future era, there is little crime. The people of planet earth are mostly scientists and farmers. Each group of people grows food, not for themselves, but for the next group of people and so on until the circle is completed."

"As for the scientists, we have expanded life spans until a person could conceivably live two to three centuries. With age, of course, the old person loses use of the legs, sight, and hearing. So we remedied that with ectophasmic-like plastic cocoons and computers. The former is for protection; the latter is to replace the five senses and to use, instead of speech (since the cocoon is not flexible but allows air), brain wave thought transferance."

"One day, a master-criminal tried to seize control of earth and with only great difficulty did we stop her..."

"Her?" interrupted the Professor.

"Yes. Here is a three-dimensional picture of her. Actually, it would be considered an ancient daguerreotype in our time, since we use five-dimensional pictures now."

It was the picture of an elderly woman, sitting quietly in a wheelchair and knitting. Her eyes, behind thick, round, gold-plated glasses, were bright blue, and her hair, thin and wrapped in a bun-like shape, was snow white. Her fingers were spidery, her body thin and feeble looking. Behind her were dark red walls, strangely arched, like the inside of a pyramid, and directly to her side was a massive control console.

The Professor looked up. Blue stripes said, "We built the pyramid

around her laboratory soon after she entered and she was quickly put to sleep by a gas we'd previously injected. The gas also puts her into suspended animation. She would age only a day every century. We then buried the pyramid in the year 200 million B. C."

Yellow stripes added, "If fully uncovered, it would take less than two weeks for the gas to escape from the pyramid."

"But," asked Professor Ingleson, rising, "what has she been doing the past two weeks, if she awoke two weeks ago?"

Part the Fourth -- Destruction

"Watch out!" someone cried over the grinding screech of the pyramid, which was beginning to rotate.

"Johnny!" screamed a woman to her child who had been climbing the pyramid. Johnny was thrown clear, however, when the pyramid started to rotate faster.

Inside the pyramid, unseen and unheard from outside, the silence was shattered by an old woman's cackle...

The pyramid began to gain speed. By the time all the people were out of the "valley," the pyramid was but a blur. At this point it began to gouge itself into the ground it had rested on for so long, spitting the dirt up and out of the pit. Soon, the pit seemed bottomless, as the whirling pyramid melted into the earth, straight for the molten center.

For several days, it looked as if the earth had swallowed and consumed the pyramid. The time travelers' instruments were negative about its whereabouts underground. Professor Ingleson pleaded with the President and Congress to seal the hole. The Congress, with the President's full support, decided, however, to surround the pit area with atomic cannons, to blast the pyramid the instant it reappeared. Other points on earth were alerted, points possible for the pyramid's reappearance other than North America. Then, the long wait began...

Part the Fifth -- Revelation

Seldom in my lifetime do I find that people notice who writes history books. If it is a mystery thriller or a love story or a science fiction fantasy or perhaps an adventure book, I can well understand. Not that people worry about such trivia now, though. I saw to **that**! No, such unimportant nonsense doesn't worry people anymore. Simply because there **are** no people to worry, anymore!

I wonder if the reader of this will think I am Professor Ingleson or perhaps his wife Catharine? I remember I used to have a lovely niece named Catharine. She married one of the Vincent boys. Well, actually, they were men, of course! Noel, I believe his name was, resembled his great-grandfather, whom I knew a very long time ago, a very long time ago. Naturally, they're all dead now from old age. Catharine only lived to be seventy years old...

Oh, dear, I'm afraid I've been rambling again! I wonder if the reader of this history will think I'm one of those terrible, over-dressed time traveler fellows?

Well, it **really** doesn't matter now! There's only one person left anyway. Little old me. Literally, little old me...

Bill Sumrall
Copiah Academy

Stahl - Urban: Past, Present, and Future

What is the saga of Stahl-Urban? The beginning of a one room factory, its development through the years, what it is today, and what it will be tomorrow -- these factors are what make up this company. This is the story.

Let us start at the beginning. In Saaz, Austria, Charles Zimmerman worked steadily in his father's woolen mill. As he worked, he thought of America, where the cloth he worked on would be shipped. America was a land of opportunity -- different from his own -- and he longed to go there. In 1865, Charles, Johanna, Rosa, and Anna Zimmerman came to New York City. In a short time, the family discovered this new city was too large for them and they moved to Terre Haute, Indiana.

Terre Haute was a growing community on the route to St. Louis. Much like their ancestral village in Austria, Terre Haute seemed to be a perfect place for the Zimmermans. Charles found work in a mill, but when the mill was destroyed by fire, he decided to try something new.

He took his wife and two daughters to Tuscola, Illinois, where he set up a shop selling woolen goods, food, and other necessities. Doing his work each day, Mr. Zimmerman would get his clothes very dusty and dirty. This caused him to hit upon the idea of designing a type of overalls. Charles designed what he wanted, bought some cloth, and cut a pattern. Interestingly enough, his daughter, a new widow, sewed the pieces for him.

As more and more people saw Mr. Zimmerman wearing his overalls, the idea caught on. The townspeople began asking the storekeeper to make the garment for them. When the demand kept growing, Charles bought Rosa a foot-operated sewing machine so she could make more overalls in a shorter period of time.

With two workers, his daughter and himself, Charles Zimmerman started his business. For four years he developed it. And then in 1875, because of its growth, it was moved from Tuscola to Terre Haute. Here, Mr. Zimmerman began a profitable occupation of marketing, not only overalls, but all types of work clothing. Mr. Zimmerman felt he could operate successfully by applying the following: high-quality serviceability and low purchase cost, plus effective production and distribution.

During this time Rosa Urban took her son Camille to her home village in Austria. There she met and married Carl Stahl. The new family returned to Terre Haute in 1886 where Mr. Stahl entered the company with Rosa's father and assumed the responsibility of supervising the financial matters of the business.

In the two years that followed, two events took place that affected and altered the Zimmerman Company. In 1887 a fire began as a result of spontaneous combustion and destroyed the second and third floors of the company's building. The following year the founder of the Charles

Zimmerman Company died. In his sixty-five years, he had seen his business grow from one pair of overalls to one of the biggest industries in the Midwest. After Mr. Zimmerman's death, Carl Stahl built a new building and began managing the business of the company.

In 1891, Camille Urban returned from school and entered the business. Four years later, Carl Stahl and Camille Urban formed a partnership under a new name -- the Stahl-Urban Company. Stahl was in charge of finances and purchases and Urban was in charge of designing, production, and sales. These two men succeeded in providing distributors with what they needed from one main source of supply.

Through the years, with the addition of new inventions, many advancements took place that modernized the company and its output of goods. In 1936, a modern factory was needed where these new methods and ideas could be carried out. The search for a place nearer sources of materials and with a better location for distribution began. Brookhaven, Mississippi, a small town which seemed to meet all requirements, was chosen for the new plant.

Now began another search -- the site for a building. In one section of town a construction was being worked on by four hundred men being paid thirty cents an hour. It was being built by the Works Progress Administration to give these poverty-stricken men a chance to make some money. This was during the depression when every bit of money anyone could get was helpful.

In order to be allowed to build the new building, the WPA had told the government that this new building was to be a school. There was really no intention of this construction ever being a school. When the Stahl-Urban Company expressed their wishes to purchase it, the WPA was delighted. After a long hassle with the government and with the help of Mr. R. B. Wall, then president of the state WPA and mayor of Brookhaven, the company acquired the building for its new plant.

It was during the depression and there was very little money with which to operate the new factory. Only fifteen employees were hired, and they worked as often as they could with very little pay. All the money that was made was put right back into the company. Carl Urban, company president at that time, even rode a bike to and from work each day to save money. A few of the citizens of Brookhaven, who could afford it and who were interested in getting a balance established between agriculture and industry in the community, loaned money to Stahl-Urban.

Soon the new plant began to prosper. More employees, equipment, and programs were added. The company was now a major manufacturing plant, having taken over all of the duties of the plant in Terre Haute. The Brookhaven office was now the home office with many distributors and offices throughout the nation.

The Stahl-Urban Company is still well on its way to prosperity and plays an important part in Brookhaven today. This industry manufactures more than six million products a year and brings in an annual income of over three million dollars. Employment for some 675 people is provided. Some of these jobs include the following: executives; office workers; seamstresses; designers; pattern makers; buyers; cloth receivers, cutters, spreaders, and inspectors; accountants; engineers; and data processors.

Stahl-Urban is made up of two divisions -- the pants division which makes knit pants and jeans; and the outer wear division which manufactures zip-front jackets, heavy corduroy coats, and football jackets.

Kellwood company now owns Stahl-Urban. It is no longer a privately owned company, controlled by four thousand stockholders located all over the nation. The home office is in St. Louis, Missouri. This change took place in 1966. Brookhaven is still the home office for the original plants located in Ackerman and Booneville, Mississippi; Shelbyville, Tennessee; and Winsboro, Louisiana.

The Stahl-Urban Company regards education as vital to the betterment of the community and its citizens. Educational benefits from the Community Service Project of Stahl-Urban include scholarships and an Outstanding Teacher Award. Each year, two $550.00 scholarships are awarded to two high school students from this community. These scholarships may accrue to $2200.00 each if the recipients maintain good grades. In addition, a generous monetary award is given to the teacher who has contributed most to education in the surrounding area. Through these projects, company officials feel that, in a small way, they are repaying the citizens for the help given to them in their early years of growth and development.

What does the future hold for the Stahl-Urban Company? What does the Stahl-Urban Company hold for the future? New materials and new machines will provide quicker and easier ways of manufacturing new goods. New jobs, new products, and new styles will be available to the public as results of the company's endeavors.

The past is over. The prosperous present is now. And as Stahl-Urban heads toward the future, additions will be made to the story of Stahl-Urban: past, present, and future.

Anne Jones
Brookhaven High School

HONORABLE MENTION

SENIOR DIVISION

POETRY

Poems: Life and Death ..... Dawn Strait

ESSAY

An Effect of Love ..... William R. Smith

SHORT STORY

The Courtship of Tharga-Roth ..... Ricky Parks

JUNIOR DIVISION

POETRY

Dreams and Memories ..... Miriam Johnson
Co-Lin High School

ESSAY

If the Shoe Fits—Wear It! ..... Christy Keel
Brookhaven Academy

SHORT STORY

The Word of a Samauri ..... Jeff Ray
Co-Lin High School

Dr. Gordon Weaver, Director of the Center for Writers, University of Southern Mississippi, Hattiesburg, served as the judge for the senior division competition.

The **Microcosm** staff and the Copiah-Lincoln Junior College English Faculty served as judges for the junior division competition.